

Variety Program Presented

On Monday evening, December 10, Dordt students were entertained by Dordt talent: the Pep Club sponsored a free talent program. The numbers were a piano solo by Phyllis Ver Meer; speaking by Wendell Noteboom and Carol Vander Veen; songs by the male quartet; a musical fairy tale, "The Three Bears," by several choir members; and a puppet show by Joyce De Vries.

Coming Events

Christmas Party	Dec. 18
Vacation begins, 2 p.m.	Dec. 20
Classes resume, 7:35 a.m.	Jan. 4
B.B., Northwestern—H.	Jan. 8
B.B., Bethany Lutheran—A.	Jan. 11
B.B., Worthington—H.	Jan. 14
Exams begin	Jan. 17

COMIC MUSE INVOKED

On November 29 the Dordt Drama Club was organized under the name "The Thaliens." Officers are as follows:

President ----- Nolan Vander Ark
Vice President ----- Bob Boertje
Secretary-Treasurer -- Mavis Assink
Sponsor ----- Mr. William Lothers

The purpose of "The Thaliens" is to promote the enjoyment of drama at Dordt College. The second meeting was held on December 5. A committee was appointed to increase make-up supplies, and it was also decided that the club will supply judges for the interpretive reading contest at the Christian Junior High School of Orange City. The club is now forming a constitution.

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"It is intellectually wise to remember that our faith was born in Bethlehem . . . It is mentally bracing to recall that our whole conviction and experience stand not in theories, philosophies, or aspirations, but in the unalterable, historic acts of God."

—R.E.O. White

DORDT COLLEGE DIAMOND

Student Publication of Dordt College, Sioux Center, Iowa

Volume VI

Tuesday, December 18, 1962

Number Six

Rejoice With Us in the Advent

The shepherds, tired of daily toil,
Surround a fire of crackling logs.
Because of stillness and the night,
They fall asleep; but watching dogs
Alarm them. Frightened, staffs and
slings

They take, but face a blinding light;
With trembling heart they hear the
sound

Of angels' swift and rushing wings.
The greatest message told to man:
"The Savior, born today—God's Son
On earth and wrapped in simple
dress."

They whisper, "Kyrie eleison."
Unshaven they speed to Bethlehem
To kneel at Jesus' manger; He
Redeems the world from sin and pain
And saves a lost humanity.

—Case J. Boot

* * * * *

Christmas is celebrated in all Christian countries as the birthday of Christ. On Christmas Eve in the villages of France, the homes are the center of festivities, including a holiday supper and the ceremony of burning the yule log. At midnight the church bells ring and the merry makers become solemn as each lights his Christmas candle, a little taper streaked with various colors. The streets are dotted with lights as the villagers hurry to church to celebrate the Noel. Then amid great excitement they return home for a supper so gay and joyous that it often lasts until morning. But children are not forgotten, for their little slippers and wooden shoes have been filled with sugarplums. This custom began



Drama Club Officers

L. to R.: Bob Boertje, Mavis Assink, Nolan Vander Ark

Attention, Alumni!

The evening of Thursday, January 3, is planned as a Dordt-Alumni "get-together" in the Dordt Commons. We hope to see you then, Alumni. Lunch—about 9.

when children filled their shoes with oats and placed them on the doorstep for the camels of the Wise Men, who were believed to travel on Christmas Eve. In this way France, too, celebrates the birth of Christ.

—Joyce Uiterdyk

O HOLY DAY

Bong, bong, the church bells ring:
"Praise the Christ-child, our dear
king."

Christmas comes but once a year,
Bringing all its bills and cheer.
Once a year the people pause
To think of Christ and Santa Claus.

Jingle, jingle, store bells ring:
"Buy it now, and pay next spring."
Remember how the shepherds came,
Kneeling down to praise His name.
Then put the gifts beneath the tree—
Not for Him; for you and me.

Christmas is a holy day?
Yes, wholly contradictory!

—Sandra Williamson

THE DORDT DIAMOND

Published fortnightly by the Students of Dordt College, Sioux Center, Ia.

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Mavis Assink
Merle Meeter

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Nolan Vander Ark
John Hilbelink
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La Verne Rens
Lee Plasier
Sandra Williamson

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Faculty Advisor

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"Noteworthy"
"Scientechnic"
"Spectrum"
"Athletes' Feats"
"Touchstone"

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Bill Vis, Gerry Bouma.

Typists: Joyce De Vries, Mary Hooper, Marcia Van Andel, Faye Schuurman

Editorial

Joy, hope, love, and almost every other good human feeling has been part of the Christmas spirit. This spirit has been captured in the masterpieces of some of the world's famous artists.

First we noticed how the Christmas theme is portrayed in a few classic paintings. Raphael's "Sistine Madonna" of the Italian Renaissance is considered by some critics to be the world's greatest painting. A considerable number of paintings have been done after Raphael's partition, notably the "Virgin and Child" by Ugolino da Siena, and the "Madonna and Child" by Albrecht Durer. Durer also painted the Christmas scenes "Adoration of the Magi" and "Virgin on the Crescent." Grandma Moses' famous Christmas paintings are "Out for the Christmas Tree" and "Christmas at Home."

"The Messiah," Handel's most successful and best oratorio, is his musical interpretation of Christmas. The opera "Amahl and the Night Visitors" by Menotti is another Christmas favorite.

In literature, Charles Dickens presents "good will toward men" in the "Christmas Carol" and his "Christmas Tales." O. Henry emphasizes in "Gift of the Magi" that it matters much more what one gives than what one receives.

Great gifts will not be wrapped in packages. As these artists show, gifts are found in human expression presented in personal ways.

—Mavis Assink
—Marj Meyers

The church choir sings "Joy to the World; the Lord has come!" and the audience sits, staring, daydreaming. The preacher reads, "And she brought forth her first-born son," and they, unheeding, forget babes until they have to hurry to the store to buy a present for a young relative. Pious persons gasp to see "Merry Xmas" on a sign and then forget to put Christ in their own Christmas. The radio blares "good will toward men," and in the department store a man dressed like Santa growls at an eager little girl, "I'm not on duty 'til twelve."

—Deanna Ledeboer

NO ROOM IN THE INN

No room in the inn
On that Christmas night;
No room in the inn
When that star shone bright.

But into a stable
For beasts intended
The Son of God
To earth descended.

Lord, may it never
Be said by me,
"There is no room
In my heart for Thee."

—Orville Kooiman

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:

As former Dordt students, and regular readers of the **Diamond**, we probably qualify among those "concerned" with "what is going on" around Dordt. Stuart Williams' letter in the November 27 issue of the **Diamond** we found particularly interesting.

It is, indeed, high time that someone has set out to inform "correctly and without prejudice" on the question of movie attendance. And we appreciate the efforts of Mr. Williams to acquaint his readers with "the basic problems."

However, we feel that Mr. Williams somewhat complicates his argument by introducing two types of movie-goers—those novices who want to "find out what it is like," and those hardened users of "rationalized logic" who see no "logical" reason for changing. For the novice, the person seeking to know "what it is like," ceases to be a novice, it seems to us, when he attends his second movie. Having received his baptism of fire, having found out "what it is like" at his first movie, his attendance at the second serves to indicate that he sees no "logical" reason for not attending the theater. In order to argue consistently, then, Mr. Williams should divide movie-goers into two more specific categories: oncers, and more-than-oncers. These groups, then, must be the "basic problems" with which Mr. Williams set out to acquaint us.

There are two distinct "problems." Two problems usually require two solutions. And these we are given.

Ideally, all should obey the "firm pronouncement" (and the "firmness" would make another interesting topic) made by the Synods of 1928 and 1951, which acted "with the authority bestowed upon the church by Christ..." For those—the oncers—who **once** would venture beyond what Synod (i.e. Church; i.e. Christ) has ruled, "some allowance should be given...." (Mr. Williams would have us to understand that this license to only "see what it is like" does not extend to murder. There is no hint as to just where the license expires, but there must be some "logical" place.)

For the other "basic" problem—the more-than-oncers—Mr. Williams proposes consistory discipline as that which will make people "turn from the movie industry with disdain." His connection between consistory discipline and turning with disdain seems somewhat less than obvious.

Has Mr. Williams, in his own words, "informed correctly and without prejudice?"

Sincerely,
Don Reinders
Stuart Sybesma

"Let's praise Him with our common voice,
With heart and passion, head and reason;
As at no other time—Rejoice!
That Christ is come in every season."
—Marvin Tromp

Letters to the Editor, cont. - -

Dear Editor,

Enclosed is my fee for the **Diamond**. I graduated from Dordt College in 1960 and from Calvin College in 1962. I am now a teacher in South-west Christian Junior High School in Grand Rapids, Michigan. I am teaching music on the elementary and junior high level.

I plan to get married December 28, 1962. My fiancée is a registered nurse employed at St. Mary's Hospital in Grand Rapids. I am looking forward to the next copy of the **Diamond**; I enjoy reading the **Diamond**, as it keeps me close to Dordt as to the things that take place there. I am happy to see the progress Dordt is making and the rate at which she is expanding.

Thank you,
Peter Jouvstra

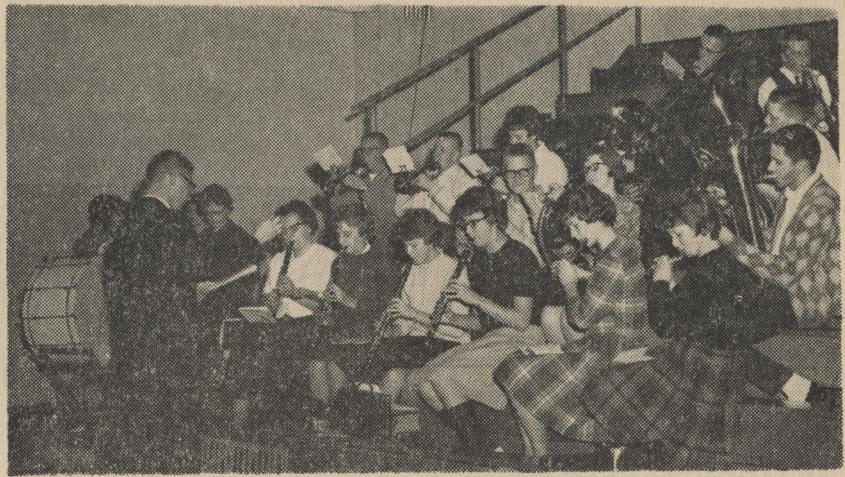
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Dear Editor:

At the risk of sounding "lost and discontent" (LaVerne Rens, **Diamond**, Nov. 27, 1962), I should like to offer a most menial complaint for your perusal. At least, I would conclude that it is considered menial from the complete lack of student expression (to my knowledge) on the issue of the proposed alma mater song. I understand that the composition was passed **only** on faculty recommendation and approval. If I am in error on this point, I shall stand corrected.

However, having tapped a good deal of alumni opinion here in Grand Rapids, I have concluded that I am not alone in my dissatisfaction. Quite a number of us are not altogether pleased with this newest contribution to what will be Dordt's tradition. We are a bit amazed at the process with which this song was apparently adopted. Although terms of faculty members run longer than the customary tenure of students—two years—we alumni believe that both present students and alumni ought to be given the opportunity to voice opinions and then accept or reject a proposal such as this.

Sincerely yours,
Eunice Meyer, '60



PEP BAND — Gerry Bouma directing



—Greta Vander Ziel

Adjustment is a big problem in college life; at least that is what the critics say. Let us take an examination to see just how well we are coming in this stupendous task.

All of us have our time schedules arranged so that we can study each subject for the allotted time. It is unfortunate that the only time for studying music in one student's schedule is during Bible class, or for another, the only time to study Bible is during chapel. But then most students do their math problems in their sleep, and sleep in their math.

We all have allotted time for personal care. In the hall we will meet a girl who appears to have stepped out of a catalog. There is not a hair

on her leg, or a smear in her make-up, or a lock not ratted; but then she left her brains at home. Next comes the student who knows everything there is to know, but we will bypass him lest we associate with hoodlums.

We are even physically well adjusted. No one has the problem of sore muscles after physical education class. Everyone has allowed time in his schedule to do the proper exercises, and now we have all our muscles coordinated—that is, we can probably pick up a pencil and write.

And by this time we have learned to live with our roommates: no one else is using the bathroom when we wish to use it, no one disturbs us when we want to study, no one has an odor we are not accustomed to—who cares if there are a few black eyes?

Nor are any students lonesome for the things back home. What could a city in Canada have that Sioux Center does not have? What can any state have that Iowa lacks? But then who knows how often in the morning we discover that the mountain across the valley from us is a roommate?

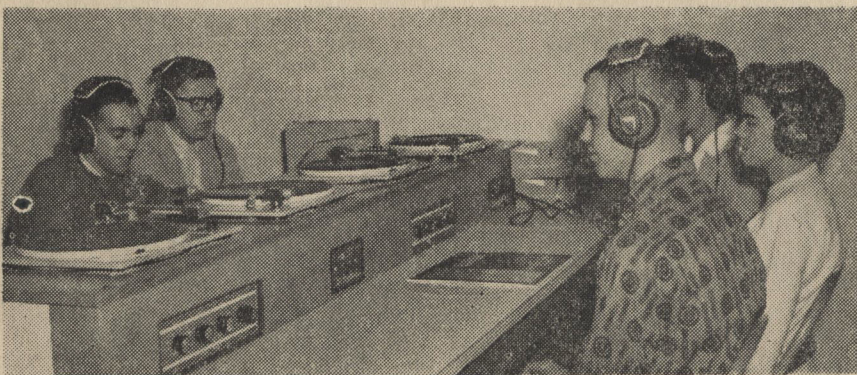
Nevertheless, mothers, these well-adjusted students are homeward bound!

* * * * *

"Mold my will to meet Thy will;
Break my hardened heart.
Feed my soul and make it still
Within the deepest part."

—Eddy Veuger

* * * * *



The Listening Room — Language and Music

Left: David Netz, La Verne Rens. Right: Rod Vander Ley, Judy Bovenkamp, Wilma De Haan.



Uhuru, Robert Ruark, McGraw-Hill Inc., 555 pp. (Other books by Ruark: *Horn of The Hunter* and *Something of Value*.)

Uhuru is the African word for freedom. The word serves its purpose well as the title of this book; it catches the spirit of the primitive, arrogant, and ignorant race the author is trying to describe. Every aspiration and facet of the African's life has come under this word, even though the natives do not understand what it implies. The whole miserable lot is driven to fury by a few politically educated blacks who recognize this as the chance for fame and fortune.

LOST AND FOUND

Hustling up the streets
Bustling through the shops
Anticipating wants
Fulfilling all the needs
Giving gifts and greetings
Receiving scarfs and ties
Celebrating with frivolity
Recuperating with debts and sighs

—emptiness.

Listening to sweet music
Hearing children's prayers
Reading holy words
Seeing holy light
Meditating quietly
Receiving Godly peace
Believing all implicitly
Praising God alone

—fullness.

—Elson Haan

* * * * *

It was a frigid, bleak morning. Thousands of flowers and bushes had died: during the night winter's freezing grip had choked off their existence. Winter's cold winds were whining a deathly tone among the trees. Soft fluffy white snow had fallen during the night, making majestic imagery out of the woodlands. Presently the wind, sharp as a knife, began chasing the snow around. The rushing wind entered cities—windows rattled, smokestacks wavered, and people trembled. With its mighty edge, the wind slashed cars off the highways, and clipped trees for roadblocks. Linemen sat ready in their trucks, waiting silently for emergency calls. The wind whistled mockingly around their truck windows, then strummed the wires harder until they stretched to snapping. In the cities, citizens had worked hard decorating trees, homes, and streets with strings of colorful lights; but now even these had turned cold. It was the day after Christmas.

—Ivan Groothuis

—La Verne Rens

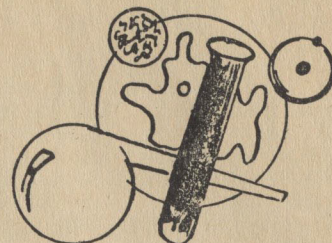
The main figure in the book is Brian Dermott, a fourth-generation white, who has been born, educated, and reared in Kenya. His family have dedicated their lives to the country; they have strong love for the land and people they settled among. They have made the country prosperous and have raised the living standards of the natives that work for them. What do they get in return? Such things as the Mau-Mau insurrection of 1954, blood butcheries and revolts.

Mr. Ruark does a rather effective job of moving the emotions of the reader. One sympathizes with those Europeans who are losing their lives and homes and all that they have worked for to lazy, illiterate native warmongers.

The book **Uhuru** could be compared to many other contemporary best sellers such as Drury's *A Shade of Difference* and *To Kill a Mocking Bird* by Harper Lee, which also deal with racial problems. **Uhuru**, however, distinguishes itself by sympathizing with the colonialist, whereas most of the others do not.

Mr. Ruark deals with his subject boldly, using no vague and unfamiliar terms. His portrait of life in Kenya is realistic and earthy. The narration at times becomes rather bloody and gruesome, but this has to be excused if one is to get a true picture of the native rites and the dissension in Africa today.

We cannot understand the African dilemma. The press, the U.N., and other governments have tried to pontificate, but nothing other than hostility and riot has resulted.



Sciencetchnic

—Howard Menninga

The blindness of a bat is often referred to without any comment on the radar guidance system it uses. The bat is unique in the animal world; it uses mechanical radar instead of sight to "see." This radar is not radar as we know it, but rather it is high sounds emitted by the bat, bounced off nearby surfaces, and then received once again by the bat's ears. An inborn sense allows the bat to fly according to the "feeling" from the sound.

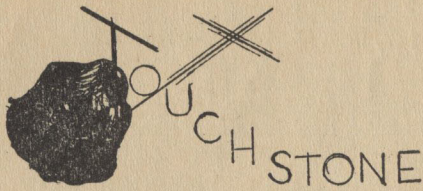
Recently, men at the Lockheed Aircraft Co. decided to take a lesson from the little bat and develop a radar guidance system for blind people. Differing from the system used by the bat, it is an electronic device which would be more practical for use in a noisy city. Radio signals are bounced off objects, and the time required for the signals to travel from the unit to the object and back is announced in code through headphones to the person using the system. The most serious drawback is the handicap of hearing **only** through the necessary headphones; for the ear becomes less sensitive to unamplified speech in the person using the unit.

This device built by Lockheed is also bulky—as large as two lunch pails—but it is quite efficient. Eventually, designers hope to construct a more compact unit.



Selling Sweatshirts

Sandy Dieken, Gary Roelofs, Judy De Jong, Beverly Joling, Floyd Clark.



Profiles In Courage, by John F. Kennedy, Pocket Books, Inc., 1957 (originally published by Harper & Brothers, 1956)

Profiles In Courage is an art gallery lined with paintings of morally stalwart politicians in the act of displaying courage. What is courage? Webster's New World Dictionary of the American Language defines it as

"the attitude or response of facing and dealing with anything recognized as dangerous, difficult, or painful, instead of withdrawing from it."

President Kennedy, himself a master politician, illustrates this quality of courage by retelling stories of senators who made courageous political decisions. First he explains the many conflicting pressures and obligations that hinder the politician as he seeks to act in the interest of his nation. These contradictory pressures frequently conceal the proper course of action; or, at least, they make it very difficult to follow.

Even one who is uninterested in politics will find this book worth his time. After reading **Profiles In Courage**, one can not as easily criticize or ridicule politicians. Our government representatives have unique and weighty problems to overcome—problems to which most of us would succumb. Kennedy's book portrays these senators as human beings—no more and no less. But they are men who in a real way have power over the future of a great many other people. Therefore, the reader is impressed with the importance of electing to civil offices men who have moral integrity.

The principal exhortation set before the reader, however, is not essentially concerned with politics. By drawing examples from the field he knows best, the author is enjoining the American public to demonstrate courage. If we do not, our nation can not long survive as a morally strong society.

The courage of life is often a less dramatic spectacle than the courage of a final moment; but it is no less a magnificent mixture of triumph and tragedy. A man does what he must . . . and that is the basis of all hu-

"Come ring a round of Merry Mount
And sing for newborn joy;
Wave rainbow banners, faded thin,
Above an infant boy
While angels rant a roundelay—
A rabble, bathrobe choir
With pipe and horn
Proclaiming morn
While stars still snap with fire."

—Charles Waugaman

—Sandra L. Williamson

man morality.

To be courageous, these stories make clear, requires no exceptional qualifications, no magic formula, no special combination of time, place, and circumstance. It is an opportunity that sooner or later is presented to us all. Politics merely furnishes one arena . . . In whatever arena of life one may meet the challenge of courage, whatever may be the sacrifices he faces if he follows his conscience . . . each man must decide for himself the course he will follow.

* * * * *

December has been branded by modern-day editorialists as the month of "Christmas fantasy." For most merchants the profit of their fiscal year comes largely from the sales boom of the lavish, Christmas-giving spirit. Christmas has been obliterated by the glitter and gadgetry to such an alarming degree that an **X** now stands where **Christ** once stood in Christmas. The "germ" of giving with one hand, while being equally ready to receive with the other has made supposedly mature men and women scamper about like dashing Rudolfs, playing Santa Claus to the world. If men would act more like star-led wise men, rather than like glowing Rudolfs, they would see the true glow of Christmas radiating from the light of God's Word. O wayward generation; throw out all of your holly and jolly and **X-mas** and put the humble manger of Bethlehem in its place; now you have true Christmas.

—Merlin Buwalda

* * * * *

Americans have committed a grave crime. They have robbed Christmas of its peace and truth and light. Americans today make much preparation for Christmas, but their preparation is worldly and self-centered. Hurrying down the street, they pause here and there to admire a Christmas decoration, a darling doll, or a new television set. The Christmas trees are bought and the ornaments are hauled from the attic. Gifts are selected and parties are planned. Housewives clean, polish, and scrub. At last Americans are ready for Christmas. But while busy planning for Christmas, they, in reality, are not prepared at all—they have forgotten the Christ of the first Christmas Day. Through self-love and worldliness, many Americans will arise on Christmas Day to rob this holy day of any genuine peace or joy or truth that Christmas could have for them. Beware, lest we also become guilty of this crime.

—Joyce Ann De Vries

Chapel Commets

—by Greta

Stuart Williams, a freshman from Fort Frances, Ontario, challenged Dordt students and faculty to live a militant Christian life. If we love the suffering Savior, said Mr. Williams, we will not act like the careless driver who crosses the center line regardless of safety.

Reverend Norman Haan of Volga, South Dakota, defined righteousness as one's desire to be in a right relationship to God and man; moreover, in seeking righteousness, the Christian gains the accompanying blessing of happiness.

Joanne Brouwer, a student from Prinsburg, Minnesota, spoke on God's greatness and man's corruption of God's masterpiece—the creation: "We, corrupt creatures, with our hate, our bickerings, our discontent, our pride and selfishness, are always trying to glorify ourselves and to find out the faults and weaknesses of others." Miss Brouwer reminded us that those who fail to give proper reverence to God will lose their inheritance in the Kingdom.

Mr. Chris Aue, a venerable former teacher from Orange City, Iowa, spoke to the chapel audience on the need for wisdom. He defined wisdom as the capacity to use knowledge according to the will of God. Thus, the goal of Christian education is to "get wisdom."

Freshman Ivan Mulder of Sioux Center reminded us that although Thanksgiving is a time of praise, our entire lives must be **Thanksgivings**.

Judy Bovenkamp, Lynden Washington, emphasized spiritual preparedness in her chapel talk, "What's Next."

"Liberty is freedom from the curse of the law," said Rev. Alfred Hannink from Ireton, Iowa. He enumerated three tests for amusements: Do they honor God? Are they for the welfare of our souls? Are they done in accord with the law of love?

Sophomore Marilyn Addink said in her talk that the vivacity of youth must be used to propagate a vital faith.

Rev. John De Vries of Luverne, Minnesota, dramatically stressed the making of a joyful noise to our God—not by street-corner ranting or by virulent letters to **Playboy**, but by speaking with joy to our neighbor about Christ.

WHAT DID WE GET FOR JESUS?

We got father a pipe, slippers, and vest,

And mother, a skillet bright and new.
But what did we get for Jesus?
For He is in Christmas too.

We got brother a sled and some skates,

And sister a doll and dresses to sew.
But what did we get for Jesus?
For He is in Christmas, you know.

We got grandpa a tie and a box of cigars,

And grandma, a bird that will sing.
But who got something for Jesus,
For whom the Christmas bells ring?

—Harlan Rus



Cheerleaders

Foreground to background:

Wilma Cammenga, Gladys De Boer, Kathy Tinklenberg, Phyllis Veenstra

One of the most delightful experiences one can have is to step outdoors on a cold wintry day after a snowstorm. The world seems to have become pure and clean. The snow drifts are piled high in some places and low in others; the trees are bent with glistening ice. The roofs are covered with a fluffy blanket of snow that is fringed with icicles. The fence posts poke their heads out of the snow as if they are wondering what the change is all about.

The whole world seems full of peace and quiet, the peace that no one would want to disturb by even a whisper. That which was once drab and colorless is now transfigured into a panorama of dazzling whiteness. It seems as if this new world is the old, before paradise was lost, restored to its pristine beauty and glory. It makes me want to sing and shout for joy!

—LeRoy Christoffels

* * * * *

NO GREATER LOVE

That the Father has given His Son
For us,
That the Holy Son has tabernacled
Among us,
That the Holy Spirit has been sent
To us,
Is love supreme.

That the Word has left heaven's glory
For us,
That He has been born in a manger
For us,
That He has lived in obedience
For us,
Is love supreme.

That the Lord Christ died and rose
For us,
That He bestowed regeneration
Upon us,
That the title "Sons of God" is given
To us,
Is love supreme.

—Jim Owens

AMERICA'S CHRISTMAS?

What meaneth all these lights and trees?
These gaudy gifts and drinking sprees?
Each Christmas day again we see
The world is lost in revelry.

Each gift is wrapped with wishes dear:

A Merry Christmas and New Year;
No mention of the Christ-child's birth,
Who, humbled, came to this cold earth.

How long will patience from on high,
Allow this evil? By and by
God will with righteous anger smite
Those who the Child do not invite.

—Adrian Van Heyst

Winter mocks the curious people:
Cold fronts, high pressure areas,
Hail clouds, brought about
By his raving breath.
Trees stand, alone, uncovered
Waiting for dormancy, anxiously.
Children, noses running, boldly face
the wind.
Spirit of Winter fights spirit of
youth—
A losing battle for Winter;
Angered by defeat, he returns,
This time to puncture snow clouds,
freeze rain,
Bring discomfort to animals and
adults;
To children, delight.

—C. Harry Salomons

* * * * *

Reindeer in flight above the trees,
People rushing on shopping sprees,
Gifts are given and gifts received,
Is this what Christmas means to me?

Or do I see the mother mild,
A baby, who is God's own Child,
The gift and worship shepherds
brought,

The eastern star the Wise Men sought?

—Ivan Mulder

* * * * *

Evergreen and holly hung from
every light pole and door in the city.
The bright twinkling lights strung
across streets and the many lights
from store windows created a spectrum
of color which danced swiftly
through the evanescent snow. On
street corners, Santa Clauses with
their pillow bellies and whitened
beards rang their bells with vigor.
In the windows glittering gifts were
displayed in oceans of tinsel, star
dust and artificial snow. Children gazed
hopefully at a myriad of talking
dolls, robots, trains, and shiny bicycles.
Reindeer and elves stood as sentries
in windows, watching the passing people.
And the nativity scene was displayed in the park.

—Darlo Vander Wilt



Freshman Quartet

Delmar Vander Zee, Jim Jouvstra, Harvey Visscher, Bruce Van Wyk.

Dordt Grad in Peace Corps Writes from Ethiopia

Herman Nibbelink, a graduate of Dordt and Calvin College, is a Peace Corps volunteer teaching English in Adi Quala, Eritrea, Ethiopia. Mr. Nibbelink has also taught English three years at Southwestern Christian High, Edgerton, Minnesota. Following are excerpts from his letters telling of experiences since his September arrival in Asmara, capital of Eritrea and one of the larger Ethiopian cities:

"... Asmara is a beautiful city. There are broad, palm-lined streets, which are kept clean. It has sort of a romantic flavor, much of which I think is brought by the Italian community. We can step out on the balcony just off our bedrooms and look down at the fish market to the left, the mosque to the right, Italian stores straight ahead, and in the distance, the high tower of the Catholic cathedral reaching far above the city.

"It's difficult to tell what the main work is around here. There is a textile factory, and there are a number of breweries that employ quite a few people. There are also some very small furniture and hardware factories. Many people have low-skill service jobs—house servants, messengers, guards, delivery and hauling with motor scooter, bicycles, and wheelbarrows. Outside of Asmara, most of the people are small farmers. They have cows, donkeys, sheep, and they raise crops like barley or teff (something like millet). . . .

"Our students come from all over, some from Asmara, some from the villages. I can't really tell their age, but it seems to vary from about 13 to 20 . . . Having some books and being considered students is very important to them, although real education is not always foremost in their minds . . . We wonder and wonder about how would be the best way to get paper and books for the kids, and how to teach our courses with what we have. . . .

"Teaching never brings immediate results, nor does it bring any personal glory. And here I think it will bring less than at home. Someday we may have the satisfaction, if teaching continues in this country, that we opened the way here, gave the first bit of impetus to the project. . . .

"I know Christians of all denominations; I know Moslems, Hindus, atheists, and agnostics. I know people from India, Italy, England, Canada, Egypt, Ethiopia, and Texas. I have met ambassadors, consuls, ministers of state, beggars, and even a king. I have friends who went to Harvard, Yale, Stanford, Bowdoin, Ferris, Western Illinois, St. Olaf, Maine State—and I think I'm finding out some of the things I wanted to know: Are some of these people something special? Do they know more than all the people you know back home? And I think the answer is that they're mostly ordinary people who happen

to get their names in papers more often than the rest of us. Most of the people in the world live at home, you know. And the ones who wander, and the ones who get their names in the paper usually don't know more than the people who stay home. They aren't doing bigger jobs; they're just doing different ones.

"The only trouble is that people living at home sometimes don't know they're as important as those who travel around the world and get their pictures blown up in papers. Consequently, they feel they don't have to do as much big thinking as those others. They're just little people anyway. Well, I think maybe the little people are really the biggest people. They're the ones who can know their jobs and community well enough to really do something there. And if everyone at home did as much as he could in the job he knows well, around people he knows well, in the little part of the world he knows well, then there probably wouldn't have to be a Peace Corps.

"... how important the people are who intelligently and unselfishly are carpenters, mechanics, farmers, and factory workers, the people who just sit in a little church, who listen and answer questions and ask questions in men's societies and youth meetings, and across the line fence. And if all these people living at home realized that, the world would be a lot better, because the world is made up of people who live at home. . . .

* * * * *

"Adi Quala is what Bill calls 'real Peace Corpish.' It's a small town about 80 kilometers south of here. We don't get a car, but either somebody will come to pick us up every week end to come into Asmara for supplies, or else we'll take the bus in. You should see the buses—loaded from floor to roof with people, chickens, feed, food, sometimes donkeys. . . .

"Shriver was here . . . he pried us with all kinds of questions about our work and gave us the feeling that somebody in Washington is thinking about us. I think his coming was really good for our morale. Shriver had all kinds of stories about what's happening in projects all over the world . . . He let us feel that we really are a part of something larger. It's rather easy to forget about that when you're just a few people off in one corner of the world. Maybe they will remember to send us stoves and refrigerators and books and our trunks. . . .

"... At about 7 we headed for the catholic mission school with projector and the film of Glenn's space flight. The whole town was waiting at our door. The mission is one of the few places besides our house that has electricity. With the help of about ten people we miraculously got

the film threaded by moonlight (no room is big enough, so the films are shown outside against the wall of the mission). It seems that everyone in town wanted to see how the machine worked, so we had a bit of difficulty getting things going. There we were, showing the film of a space flight to barefoot boys, farmers who had put their oxen to rest for the day, and mothers with babies on their backs. Everyone talked all through the picture; they didn't understand the sounds of English coming from the big box anyway. This was one of the most fantastic experiences I have ever enjoyed—sitting under moon and stars on a big stone, watching the latest exploits of 20th Century science against the wall of a mission in Eritrea. . . .

"It's Sunday morning in Adi Quala. A few burros, chickens, and people are lounging about in front of our house . . . the sun is shining and making the flies lazier than ever . . . I'm reading a book Keith has on the Resurrection, and there are several interesting interpretations of the Gospel account, so we discussed that for an hour this morning. That's why it is good to be living with Keith . . . when it comes to a true belief in Scripture we have something in common. And that, of course, is most important. With just the two of us we can also have table devotions aloud. . . .

"We're supposed to teach the kids to play basketball. I refereed two games, and then after school, played basketball myself with some of the teachers and students. Thursday was a holiday. On Wednesday the Assembly voted to make Eritrea a part of Ethiopia. Up to now they were just federated. . . .

"... I made a seat for our toilet. You should see our Turkish toilet. Turkish toilets have a flusher tank up above your head, and down below a hole with two ribbed footholds in front of it. . . .

"The books the Peace Corps provides for us are really good. We have 160 volumes of paper-backs of all kinds. Everything from **Cartoons by Vip to Readings in World Politics** . . . Also included among the books is a **Burl Ives Songbook**. We've been singing the folksongs out of it off and on ever since Friday morning. By the way, did I ever tell you I bought a guitar in Asmara before we came out here? Now I'm working on getting someone to make me one of the local stringed instruments. It's a one-stringed instrument with horsehair for the string, has a bow made of a strip of hide, and the sounding box is stretched hide. . . .

"... last week we were able to go to Bible class again at Kagnaw. The lesson again was from Romans—very good, Romans 12: 'Present your bodies a living sacrifice. . . .'

Athletes' Feats

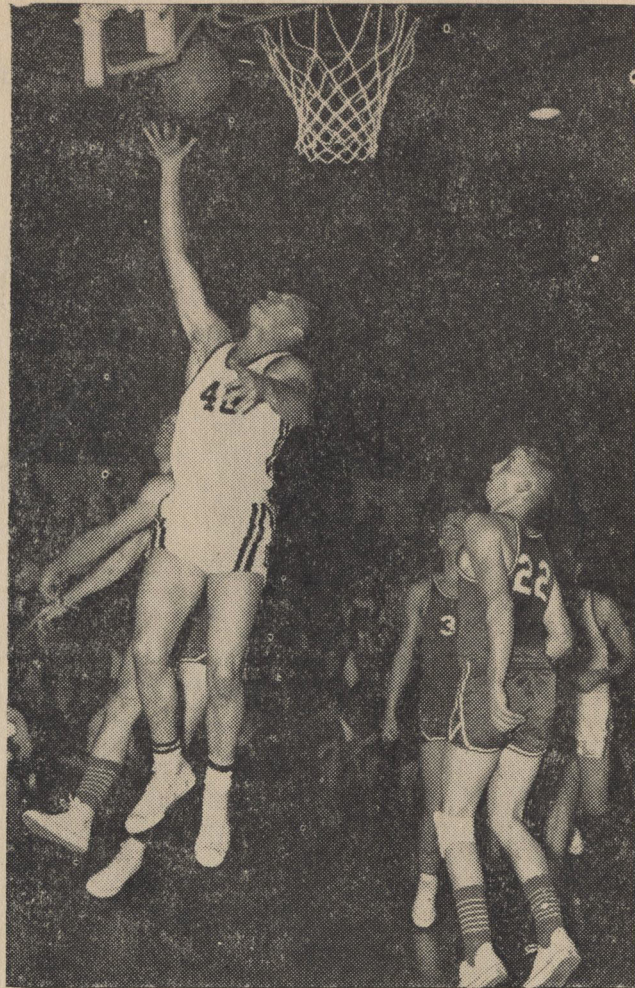
—by Lee

All members of the Dordt B.B. team saw action in the opening game against Wessington Springs. The South Dakota squad proved to be no match for the Defender's fast-break attack and the home team coasted to the final score of 74-47. Faber and Prins had 18 each; Altena had 16.

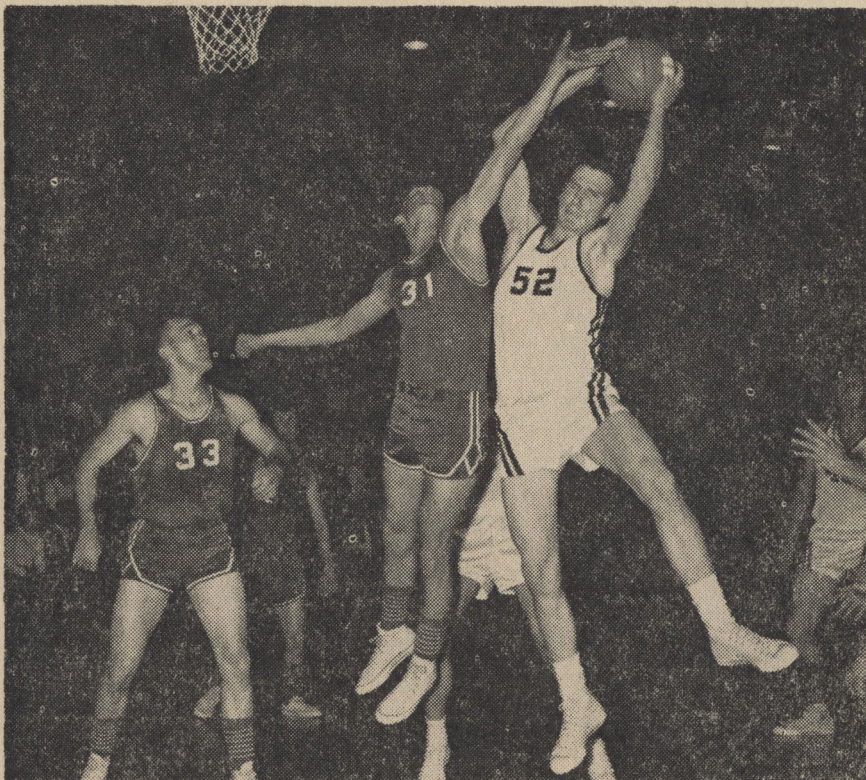
The Defenders racked up their second victory of the season against Freeman J. C., at Freeman, South Dakota, 73-56. Leading scorers for the game were Ken Faber and Alden Altena with 20 points each; they were closely followed by Norm Prins with 18 points.

On Monday, December 3, the first conference game was played against Emmetsburg J. C. The Emmetsburg squad proved to be too weak for the Defender's strong defense. Dordt sprang to an early 7-0 lead and did not relinquish it. Harv Visscher came off the bench to play some brilliant defense and to score 10 points. The Defenders were paced by Alden Altena's 24 points, which was closely followed by Ken Faber's 20.

The Defenders suffered their first setback in a high-scoring game against powerful Bethany J. C. from Mankato, Minnesota. Trailing at halftime 57-40, the Defenders came back in the second half to outscore Bethany 48-38; but the surge was not enough to overcome the 17-point halftime deficit. This was the best game the Defenders have played to date, with considerable credit going to the tremendous efforts of Norm Prins, who poured in 27 points and pulled



Alden Altena Lays One Up.



Ralph Roos Clears The Board.

ATHLETES' FEATS—Continued - - '

down 20 rebounds. The second conference game of the season was played on December 6 against Estherville J. C. on Dordt's home court. Our boys could not find themselves, as they lost an exciting contest to the Estherville squad 63-59 in an overtime. Ken Faber was high for the Defenders with 17 points.

A "typical" letter-home from a college student, as printed in the Stout College Paper:

Dear Mom and Dad:

Sorry I haven't written but I have already been caught in the old college grind (rush parties, club parties, dorm parties). In fact I often find myself studying until 4 in the morning (I don't start until 3:30). I find that my studies present a real challenge to me (I'm flunking).

My roommate is a very nice guy (he lets me use his biol. notes). In fact all the students here are wonderful and I have made many new friend (she is a real doll).

You will be glad to know that my math teacher said it was a pleasure to have me in his class (he thought I was a visitor).

I really love it here, but I sure do miss home, especially both of you (please send money).

Your loving son,
(lots of money), Frank